

our nation is evolving,
said the service station operator.
I gotta pay for my education,
said the cornerback.
it's war,
said the dancehall hostess.
there's no chance,
said the president.
there's no mercy,
said the doctor.

CHILL

I walked out to my car
and there was a note under my
windshield wiper:
"Hey, old man,
give me a call some time.
I'm listed in the phone
book."
and she signed it:
"the light brown stare."
I knew who it was,
the hard large writing was
recognizable without the
signature.
she'd had me on the cross for a
year.
she'd followed one who'd had me
on the cross for five years.
I tore the note up.
the new one came walking up
to the car.
"ready to go, Popsie?" she asked.
"ready to go," I said.
we got in and drove off.
we needed lemons, bread, fish, a
vegetable, olive oil, wine and
toilet paper.
and cat food and maybe onions
too.